

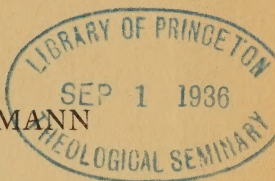
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Kagawa

KAGAWA

AN APOSTLE OF JAPAN

BY

MARGARET BAUMANN



"I am among you as one that serveth"

NEW YORK
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

To
A. L. B.
FOR WHOM
"LIFE IS INTRINSICALLY A JOYOUS ART"

First published 1936

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

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CHAPTER I

STREET SCENE

It is night. We stand in the narrow street of an Eastern city. Little booths dimly lit with paper lanterns offer us their displays of bright cotton cloths, mounds of yellow and purple fruit, and smoking hot potatoes and chestnuts. The ricksha bearers can scarcely pass with their strange vehicles, for the street is swarming with people—women with babies strapped to their backs; muscular idle men who squat in the roadway throwing dice and gambling on their luck; children at their game of “fox.” A cedar-bough hangs above a narrow doorway: it is the sign of a drinking den, and men jostle one another as they stream in and out. The paper lanterns cast a strange light, turning the scene into a dream-picture—or rather a nightmare, for the smell and the noise, the throngs of hungry-looking people, offer no beauty to our senses.

By the women’s dress and the rickshas we know it to be Japan—but how different from the dainty, picturesque Japan we are used to seeing in “The Mikado” and in the decorations of paper fans!

A stranger might look, it is true, at hundreds of pictures of England, and never catch a glimpse there of the slums which are such an important part of our great cities—London, Leeds, Liverpool, Birmingham. So with surprise and perhaps disgust we have our first glimpse of the slums of a great Japanese industrial city, Kobe.

In all this flickering light and muddled movement our eyes scarcely know where to rest. The crowd thickens at one point, where there is an argument going on between two squatting gamblers. One accuses the other of cheating; to begin with, words are exchanged, then blows, then knife-thrusts. The spectators crowd in, and little urchins wriggle between the legs of the older folk to get a better view; for a fight is their excitement, their novelty, their amusement—the chief event of the alley.

As suddenly as they surged together the people begin dispersing, for it is seen that one of the gamblers is seriously hurt, and no one wants an encounter with the police, enemy-in-chief of the slum-dwellers. Like beaten dogs the bullies slink off; the women hurry on their way with the crying, uncomfortable, weary babies who are never properly put to bed, and the little urchins take up positions at a safe distance to watch what happens. We shall soon have the street to ourselves. . . .

One man only has the courage to remain—or

is he a newcomer who has appeared suddenly on the scene like a Red Cross man on a battlefield? He is bandaging up the cut head of one man, and examining by the uncertain light a deep gash in the other fellow's left arm. He is obviously not a policeman, this slight young Japanese in a cheap blue cotton suit such as labourers wear. Recognizing him, the folk begin to crowd back. They are in a cruel mood; they jeer and make no effort to help, but the young man takes no notice whatever of their jibes. His earnest, lively, quiet face shows neither annoyance nor embarrassment as he finishes dressing the wounds. We should not be surprised if he snapped his fingers, uttered a magic word, and vanished—so surprising, so odd a figure is he in this noisy scene of Kobe's slumland.

He stands looking quietly about him for a moment, as though gathering his thoughts. He shows no fear, though the crowd is obviously hostile to him. Then we see that he is speaking to those nearest him, and the crowd hushes its noise to listen. He is telling a story. It is, we find, the story of a man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. . . . The story is put into a Japanese setting; every word is vivid; we must listen, whether we want to or not.

The whole scene reminds us of something else—

another Eastern city—a New Testament picture of One standing fearlessly thus in a hostile crowd, telling stories which sank into the hearts of men. . . .

In the background some women are talking about this young man.

“Yes, it’s Kagawa. He risks his life by interfering with the gamblers. One of these days they will run a knife into him.”

“Yet he ties up their wounds. Who else would help them?”

“Oh, Kagawa won’t let anyone go.”

“Is he paid by the Government?”

“Nay, and he himself is poor because he gives away all he has to those who have still less. He follows the teaching of a certain Jesus who said that all must take this as their Way of Life. The Ways of Confucius or the Buddha are hard to follow, but they do not bring one among the gamblers. Kagawa is a fool. . . .”

“A fool, think you? But if *all* were willing to live thus, there would be no gamblers, no slums, no rich and no poor, no misery. . . . Is not this the man who, last summer, when the typhus epidemic came upon us, went among the merchants of the city and begged food for those who were too sick to work?”

“But what does he *gain*? Who would live thus, willingly, without gain?”

"He says he loves us."

They laugh, and shrug, and move away.

A group of men, coming out of the house of the cedar-bough, are also speaking of Kagawa:

"Has he committed a crime, or is he a madman, that he lives down in this quarter by his own free choice?"

"He was a student of good family. At college, so they say, he thought much about rich and poor, and was disinherited by his uncle for refusing to enter the Diplomatic Service. He chose to come down here into Shinkawa and spend his life with the unfortunate, with such as you and me, my friends!" They roar with laughter. "Did the gods ever set such madness in a man's heart before?"

Madness? Surely a divine madness! Here, then, in the most unlikely place in the world, a Kobe slum, we have discovered a young man who has turned his back on the world of wealth, social position, and good fortune, to live—in the most exact and literal fashion—a life modelled on the teaching of Christ. What we have overheard fires our curiosity. Let us follow this young man home, and learn more of him. Indeed, we feel *compelled* to follow him.

Two burly lads have the courage to come forward and stand by him; they are unemployed

dock labourers whom he has befriended, sheltered, taught to read and write. Amid the hoots, jeers and threats of the whole alley, they help him to carry off the more seriously injured of the two gamblers.

We hardly know what sort of dwelling to expect. Actually it turns out to be a little wooden structure, about eight feet square, in a foul alley of thirty similar huts, without door, window or furniture, but entirely open on one side for air and greater space. It reminds us rather of a summer house in an English garden than of a permanent dwelling in Japan, a country of severe heat and cold. This, however, has been Kagawa's home for years. The most inconvenient thing is not the lack of furniture (for in a well-appointed Japanese home we should find little besides a low table, screens, and mat-beds rolled up against the walls), but the lack of privacy.

As we arrive, we find the hut already crowded with the sick, the decrepit, and the unfortunate who cannot find shelter elsewhere. If there is any hope in the faces of these outcasts, it begins to shine there when Kagawa appears; for he is their friend and will turn none away, not even the most loathsome or the most violent. He brings hope with him. "Life is a joyous art; life is throbbing activity"—his oft-repeated words find an echo even in the dim and despairing minds of the out-

casts. He is an electric battery, charged with a current so powerful that it runs through all who come into contact with him, the current of his love for his fellow men—a boundless love, which knows no hesitation and no limit.

His hut is at one and the same time a shelter, a hospital, a school, a church. He has there a group of lads rescued by his efforts from the degradation of alley-life, and to whom he is teaching arithmetic, reading, and self-respect.

He has older men and women, too, who have wrestled with life and been vanquished in every round; lost and unloved, doomed to a sort of living decay; but Kagawa has made them welcome, and through his love for them they are learning a simple belief in Goodness and in Service, which Kagawa lives out through every minute of his day. He tells them, "The good within me is my God," and urges them to find that goodness in their own hearts, and with it to light a fire which will kindle them to a life of purpose and striving, and therefore of happiness.

The evening is soon gone in these many occupations; the gambler with the bandaged head groans, still half unconscious, in one corner; a baby whimpers; a drunken man comes in and brawls, then falls noisily asleep. Kagawa welcomes even him, for if he were not here he would be at home beating his wife.

At last Kagawa has time for a little private study and thought. He does not withdraw to a quieter place; he sits there among the sleepers and turns his thoughts inwards, and at once finds quietness in his own mind. He takes from his pocket a small lens which he places to his eye as he begins to study a book of science. His sight has been almost destroyed by a disease, got from a blind beggar who shared his bed; to read at all is a painful effort, yet he devours books night after night in his great thirst for knowledge.

Does he never rest, this young man of tremendous energy? For a brief period, just before dawn, he sleeps deeply with his roomful of strange and dangerous guests, then wakes again without fear and snatches another precious hour of study that he cannot fit in later in the day.

The little group of students take out their writing materials—ink and brushes—and work away at their arithmetic and reading in the fearfully stuffy atmosphere. All too soon it is five o'clock, and after a few moments of quiet discussion and encouragement, the lads set out with Kagawa towards the river, to talk with the dock labourers before their day's work begins. But for Kagawa the long day of willing and joyful service neither begins nor ends—it fills his whole life.

What experience, what ideas, brought him to this way of living? Where did he find his know-

ledge, his great energy, his inward strength that refuses to call any task impossible? Let us look back into his boyhood and see how this man was made.

CHAPTER II

THE MAKING OF THE MAN

TOYOHICO KAGAWA was born in Tokyo on July 10th, 1888. His father held a high position in the Diplomatic Service, and was, besides, head-man of a group of villages in the province of Awa. He was a dissolute man and a spendthrift, and while he was playing fast and loose with the family fortune in Tokyo, his family had a lonely and difficult existence in the country. When the father died, Kagawa was still very small. He was brought up harshly, without care or affection, by his stepmother and grandmother at the country house—a sort of rambling farm surrounded by fields and woods.

His childhood was extremely unhappy; he suffered in mind by the knowledge that he was not wanted or loved by anyone at home; and as he was a very delicate, puny child, he had also much physical misery to undergo.

His life was in detail that of any other Japanese child in the country districts; he went fishing for crayfish in the wide river near his home, and learned to love the beauties of Nature in the woods and the blossoming orchards, the hills and the

sandy seashore, which we can picture vividly to ourselves from those delightful landscapes which the Japanese colour-prints have made famous. He also very early began to do his share of work in the fields, and learned to know something of the hardships of country life in Japan, where Nature is as savage as she is beautiful. The ground is difficult to cultivate, and the rice-crop demands continuous and arduous toil; then at any moment all the patient work of man may be undone by an earthquake—such as the terrible Formosa earthquake as recently as 1935—or a typhoon, a tidal wave, a volcanic eruption.

No doubt the lonely little boy found time to think of such things when he began to help with planting out the rice seedlings in the deep mud of the fields belonging to his family.

At nine years of age he was sent, as the Japanese custom is, to spend some time in a Buddhist monastery of the neighbourhood, and there he studied the classic religious works—the writings of the great Chinese teacher Confucius who taught the “Way of Peace” by loyalty to the ancestors, the family, the community, and the emperor.

At eleven years of age Kagawa was taken in charge by his father’s brother, who sent him to a boys’ boarding school in Tokushima, a beautiful town with many shrines on the island of Shikoku.

This rich uncle had taken a fancy to Kagawa, and planned some day to make the boy his heir. Meanwhile he was to study diligently at school, and then go on to the Imperial University at Tokyo to prepare for a diplomatic career. His uncle, in fact, cherished the very highest ambitions for his future.

At boarding school Kagawa was, if possible, even more unhappy than out in the country. He had nothing in common with the other boys, whom he found to be rough young animals with no idea beyond playing practical jokes on one another and avoiding work by every possible means. Kagawa had a passionate desire for learning; the whole world of knowledge lay waiting to be explored, but the door seemed closed to him by ill-health.

He was so miserable, and often so ill, that life hardly seemed worth living. He began to think of it as a bitter struggle in which only the strong and the cruel could get anywhere. Man and Nature were at war, as he had already perceived in the farmer's hard existence; now he found that man and man were also at bitter enmity—or, if not enemies, at least they lived their lives selfishly, without regarding others, like prisoners shut up in separate cells where they were doomed to spend a solitary lifetime. A boy in normal health, with games and hobbies to occupy

his thoughts, would perhaps not have dwelt so bitterly on these things. But Kagawa had decided in his own mind that life was a misery to drag through as best one could.

English was one of the subjects he studied at school, and to obtain practice in speaking English he went to classes held by an American, Dr. Henry Myers. Dr. Myers noticed his loneliness and invited him home, and also went for long walks with him and encouraged him to talk about his problems.

On one such evening, as they walked together through the fields, he tried to convey to Kagawa, through the peaceful beauty of the sunset, his own idea of life—not a nightmare, not a bitter struggle, not an imprisonment. “Life is worth while for its own sake. Life is an art in itself. Life is throbbing activity.” This wise man saw Nature and mankind to be one, not at cross-purposes; for through the whole of Nature breathed the love of God. Man, Dr. Myers said, was created by a loving God in His own likeness. He should seek beauty, his life should be beautiful; it should show forth the virtues of self-respect, unselfishness, love. If all the world could be brought to think along these lines, the confusion and the misery and wrong would melt away like fog under a steady beaming sun.

Even one man, devoting himself to the service

of his fellow-beings, could work tremendous changes for good.

These ideas were presented to Kagawa's mind at a time of need and loneliness, and it is no exaggeration to say that from this day his whole life was changed. He was like Saul, who saw a blinding light on his way to Damascus. He seized upon the love of God, and it made all things new and glorious to him. Later on he was to utter the memorable words which so well describe his own belief :

“Religion is not a scheme of death for men who have to die, but the art of life for living men.”

For some time things went on outwardly just as before, until the day came when Kagawa left school and was expected to go to the Imperial University. Now he dismayed his rich uncle and the whole family by refusing to take this next step. To his mind only one course was open; he must study the life and teachings of Christ and devote himself to spreading this glorious knowledge.

This was a stormy period; in the end his family would have nothing more to do with him, the rich uncle disinherited him, and he was left not only free to choose his own career, but penniless.

His friend Dr. Myers found means for him to enter the Southern Presbyterian Seminary at Kobe,

with a very small allowance to live on; here he was to study and be ordained as a Christian minister.

He entered the College with high hopes, but once again he was bitterly disillusioned. He had expected to find a company of young men wholeheartedly living a life after the pattern of Christ. Instead, he found men interested in creeds and theories, men who looked upon the Church as a profession, who cherished ambitions hardly in accordance with Christ's simple teaching; while Kagawa's heart was flooded with a radiant faith that made him long to die "ten thousand deaths for fellow-man."

He refused to become a theorist, or to live the conventional life of the College. Instead, he at once began putting his ideas into practice. "God is indeed not to be sought; He is to be loved," he said fearlessly; and again: "Classify me not by creed, I belong to nothing but Love. Jesus it was who taught that it should be so." . . . "God is not interested in ritual, but in mercy."

Poor as he was, he shared his daily rice with down-and-outs picked up by the roadside; if he had clothes, he would give them away to the first ragged man he saw; and when new clothes were supplied him, they went the same way. Finding men hungry or homeless, he could not rest without sharing his all with them, nor could he under-

stand, even faintly, how anyone professing to follow Christ could do otherwise.

Thus, to him a rich Christian was a confusion of terms; for a man could not be a true Christian and hoard up money, even by the most honest labour, while one starving beggar remained in the city slums. Nor was he ever restrained in well-doing by the fear of being imposed upon. Crime was to him only a disease brought on by unhappy social conditions; he would stamp it out, not by police and prisons, but by love and trust and infinite charity, an entire reconstruction of society. "Love," he said, "fears no evil, love recreates all, love is the final world salvation."

When he took the lowest of outcasts to share his room in College, violent objection was raised; when he denounced the war with Russia (which ended in 1905 with a great victory for Japan), he was mobbed by patriotic students. He gave away so much that he was always half-starved, and the close study affected his health, which had never been robust. He became desperately ill with consumption, that scourge of the undernourished student class of Japan.

Perhaps his final collapse was most truly due to the terrible disappointment his College life had brought. He felt that the Christian Church had no wish to live out Christ's teaching in a practical way, through which the whole world might be

transformed. So his radiant vision faded again, leaving him bitter, hopeless, and defeated.

| Study was impossible. He was sent away to the sea-coast to recover his strength, if this was not already too late. . . . Friendless, abjectly poor, racked with a frightful disease, this young fellow of barely twenty dragged out his existence for a year, sharing all the hardships and uncertainties of life in a tiny fishing village.

And there, by all accounts, he should have faded out—a failure before his life had ever really flowered. But it was not to be so. . . . He had seen hardship in the city slums, in the farmer's existence, in the fisherman's hazardous life, and at the very threshold of death he turned back and cried, as the German poet Heine did on his death-bed: "The misery of the world is too great. One *must* believe!"

It was as though the love of God flowed strongly through him and brought him back to life. He resolved to spend every moment that remained to him in remedying some of the suffering and evil which he saw so abundantly about him. By sheer force of will he began to recover sufficient strength to get up from his sick-bed and return to Kobe.

He appeared once again in the busy city—a thin, frail skeleton of a man, the ghost of himself, and alarmed his friends by formally leaving the

College and going to live in the worst slum of Kobe, the Shinkawa quarter. He was a dying man; but he insisted on dying where he could be of the most use—not in the College among friends, not with his precious books of philosophy and science, but in the thick of life's struggle, among needy and friendless men.

CHAPTER III

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD

THE word "Japan" conjures up to the average European one of two ideas: he may think at once of "The Mikado" and "Madame Butterfly"—dainty kimonos and blossoming trees, with graceful smiling little people performing the tea ceremony; or he may think of the "Yellow Peril" and imagine the world at some future date overrun by millions of warlike Japanese, with a low standard of living and no respect for Western civilization. In either case, Japan will seem to him as remote as the moon, and almost as strange.

If we wish to see Japan as she really is, let us first of all compare the maps of Europe and Asia, and we shall notice that Japan and England have many things in common. They are both groups of islands lying off the coast of a great continent. There is a delightful Japanese legend which tells how the sun-god, creating the world, rested his great spear for a moment upon the ocean, and the sparkling drop of water which fell from the spear-tip became Japan, a gem of natural loveliness.

The Japanese mountains are higher and more extensive than those of Britain, which means that a great part of the land is unfit for cultivation;

and as the population of the two countries is about the same at the present day, it follows that in the arable regions of Japan there must be many more persons per square mile than is the case with us. Life will therefore be much harder and the standard of living lower, for the population is pressing very heavily on the food-supply; this is a painful fact which causes modern Japan to look about for lands to which her surplus population may migrate.

Another important difference is that the British climate is more moderate, though Japan has the same succession of seasons, from spring to winter—spring with its rains and its glories of fruit-blossom turning the Japanese countryside into a vast garden; summer with its flower festivals and green rice-crop springing up from the ooze of the fields; autumn with the harvest of field and orchard; and winter with its snowy mantle laid closely over hill and valley. This pleasant round of seasons is liable to be interrupted by violent upheavals fortunately unknown to us. Japan is situated on a “belt of weakness” of the earth’s crust; some of the mountains are volcanoes, and the antlike industry of men is frequently brought to nothing by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, tidal waves, and tropical storms. It is not surprising to find the Japanese a race of Nature-lovers—and fatalists.

Because of the similarity between the two groups of islands, we shall expect to find certain points in common between the inhabitants of England and Japan.

We shall be right in thinking that in olden times the inhabitants of Japan were not a united people, but many scattered, warlike and uncultured tribes, isolated on their various islands or in the valleys between the mountains. We shall expect also to find a hardy race of seamen along the coasts of the Japanese islands, laying the foundations of a seafaring nation. And in fact, at the very time when the Romans were invading and conquering savage Britain, a fleet of primitive Japanese ships set sail (in A.D. 57) upon an adventurous journey north-westwards to the unknown continent of China.

Of the wonders they discovered there old manuscripts tell us; the Chinese had already for thousands of years been a highly cultured nation, and the Japanese adventurers brought back in many expeditions the wisdom and philosophy, the arts and crafts, the social customs, of the Chinese. They brought back the teachings of Buddha and Confucius and grafted them upon the ancient tree of Shinto, the Japanese religion which is based upon nature-worship. They brought back the arts of the potter and the weaver, and installed whole villages of Chinese craftsmen in certain provinces of Japan. But their work soon ceased

to be purely Chinese; it took on a new life and a new beauty from the vigorous young spirit of Japan. Tea was another important importation from China; and most important of all was the art of writing, for it opened up a new world.

If we now find Japan as a naval power demanding equality in ships with the U.S.A. and Britain, we must remember the early days of Japanese navigation, so similar to the early days of the English seamen.

For hundreds of years there was growing up in Japan a civilization which had borrowed richly from China, but had added much that was purely Japanese. "Imitation" is not the right word to describe the process. It might rather be called "selection"—this genius the Japanese have of seizing upon the best of another civilization and transforming it to something original and highly polished.

The greater part of the population consisted of farmers and village craftsmen, and a feudal system grew up, as in the Middle Ages in Europe. The peasants worked for a knightly class, the Samurai, and they in turn served and revered the emperor, whose person was sacred, for he was (and still is) believed to be descended directly from the sun-goddess, and was thus a divine ruler, the personal centre of religion as well as of government.

But, as we might expect, the Sumarai in time abused their position; they sought wealth and might, ground down the peasants, fought one another or made powerful alliances.

Meanwhile, at long last, contact had been made with Europe. Intrepid Dutch and Portuguese sailors reached the shores of Japan and began a flourishing trade. As the Japanese had no idea of European values, the profits of this trading in gold, jewels, silks, tea, and many other articles eagerly sought in Europe, were enormous, and the Land of the Rising Sun was thought of as a sort of gold-mine for unscrupulous traders. European priests also found their way into the mysterious land, and with great peril and labour the Christian Church was established there in 1549 by the great Jesuit missionary and traveller, St. Francis Xavier. His letters contain the following account of what he found in Japan :

“The people have a disposition towards righteousness and towards progress; and as they are fond of learning and have a good sense of discrimination, they attentively listen to our preaching concerning God and His teaching.”

But the scandalous proceedings of the traders—their quarrels, deceit, and treachery—caused the Government to take drastic measures. They foresaw the ruin of their country if such people came in from the outer world to corrupt all values, and

they therefore made a sudden clean sweep of all foreigners, and closed the country as tightly and securely as Tibet has been closed until very recent times. Only one port, Nagasaki, remained free for foreign trade, and that under the most humiliating conditions for the European (Dutch) traders. Christianity was forbidden, and a massacre of Japanese converts followed. Only here and there, secretly, or in some remote village, did a handful of Japanese Christians persist in their faith.

It seemed as though the country would succeed in remaining for ever aloof from the Western world. Europeans could only go there in disguise and at the peril of their lives. The ancient civilization (corrupt though it had become) persisted. This was how matters stood in 1869.

An unfortunate incident in 1870 caused the American naval commander Perry to blockade the Japanese ports as a strong protest by his country. A treaty was made, the ports were declared open to foreign ships, and Japan was at last free to receive European influence.

In Europe that was a period of great expansion—colonies were being founded, new lands were still being discovered, the machine age was coming rapidly into its own, and new markets for the products of the machines were urgently wanted. The great nations were seeking a footing in Africa and the Far East, and from the point of view of

the East this constituted a "White Peril." The whole of Africa was portioned out, except for Egypt and Abyssinia; and much of Asia came under European powers.

Japan stood her ground with stubbornness. But she is not merely independent; she has vast ambitions, seeing herself as the guardian of Asia and the centre of a great Asiatic empire of the future. Her practical and ruthless policy "checked the advance eastwards of Western civilization for ever."

But the West had its influence, and in the last fifty years a great change has taken place in the life of Japan—a change not necessarily for the better. Just as she borrowed tea, silk-weaving, and the potter's art from China hundreds of years ago, so she has "selected" from our European civilization all those aspects which may help her to become a powerful nation. We find in Japan today well-equipped railways, motor-cars, industrial cities with mills, warehouses, banks, busy wharves . . . and slums; we find European dress, cinemas, and baseball. The Japanese business houses compete on the world markets with the products of Western nations, and frequently win the field by excellent quality as well as cheapness, until in self-defence one country after another begins to place a veto on goods marked "Made in Japan."

In this brief period Japan has fought two great wars—against China and Russia—and won both. Experts from every Western nation have been brought over to “show how things are done,” and young Japanese have gone all over the world to glean knowledge.

What inspires them? A nationalist spirit more intense than elsewhere in the world; for the emperor is still at the centre of things, and he is still revered as a divine personage. The Japanese people is accustomed to think of itself as an army of ants, having no right to individual happiness, but rather born to labour for the glory of the nation. Whether this is good or bad depends upon the *ideal* towards which the nation is striving. To decide whether the Japanese ideal is good or bad we have merely to ask ourselves why Japanese goods are so cheap. The answer is shouted to us from the Shinkawa slums, from the miserable fishing villages, from the rice-fields. The more powerful the nation becomes, the more wretched grows the plight of the workers. Japanese goods are cheap because the Japanese standard of living is so low, and because labour is exploited by a ruthless master—the State—not for the welfare of the individuals who compose it, but to make Japan a powerful nation in terms of army, navy, and foreign finance.

We see modern Japan as a Robot nation, work-

ing efficiently to produce wealth and power; she has not only introduced machines, but has also turned the people into machines, to be used, and discarded, and replaced, in a great profit-making system. How long the system can last depends upon how long the people will submit to spend their joyless lives on such a treadmill.

Kagawa says: "Japan is assailed by a whirlwind of fear, and its organization is shaken from the very foundation. *There is no spirit here.*"

Recent events bear out his words; there have been strikes and imprisonments; Communism is spreading among the workers; in 1932 the Premier was assassinated by young army and navy cadets as a protest against his bad government; and since then a militarist régime, with censorship of the Press and restrictions of private liberty, has followed. Nor can we speak of contentment and happiness in a country where there are (in Kagawa's estimate) 14,000 suicides a year, and countless more unsuccessful attempts to end lives that are a burden and a failure.

Let us see how Kagawa has taken, one by one, the crying needs of industrial Japan, and set in motion the wheels of love and service which will in time surely bring about a tremendous change in her existence.

CHAPTER IV

GETTING RID OF THE SLUMS

It was a holiday, a chilly winter's day during Kagawa's schooldays at Tokushima. Those boys who had relatives in the town set off early in the morning to visit them, and Kagawa, who was far from home, watched them go enviously. But he, too, had friends in Tokushima—Dr. Myers and his wife. He packed away his books, left all heavy thoughts behind, and departed in high spirits, through brilliant winter sunshine, to spend the day with the Myers, certain of a warm welcome.

In Tokushima there are eighty-eight sacred shrines, visited every year by fifty thousand people; and on this midwinter holiday the city was full of pilgrims, many of them ill and starved, whole families travelling on foot together, the children in even worse plight than the parents. As Kagawa made his way through the crowds, their misery smote him so sharply that the holiday feeling fled, and he arrived at the Myers' house sad and distressed.

They were not long in getting to know what troubled him.

"Have you ever heard of Juji Ishii?" asked Dr. Myers.

Kagawa answered listlessly that he had not.

"He was a medical student in Okayama. And Okayama, as you know, is a great place of pilgrimage. The pilgrims used to pass this student's house on their way to the shrines, and their misery kept him in constant distress of mind. One bitterly cold night, when the ground was deep in snow, he sat huddled over a charcoal brazier, studying his books; but he could not work for the sound of a child crying outside, and when he got up to look, he found a woman, a pilgrim, with her two children, sheltering in the doorway. They were all perishing of hunger and cold. Juji Ishii went down and brought them in; he gave them what food he could find, and sheltered them all night. But the faces of those children remained with him long afterwards. In fact, he found it impossible to go on living as he had been doing. He gave up his medical studies and turned his house into a home for children abandoned by the pilgrims."

"But where did he find the money?" cried young Kagawa, from whose face every trace of listlessness had gone.

"With his medical knowledge he was able to work as a masseur to keep his home going."

"And what happened in the end?" demanded the boy, eager for the end of the story.

"Nothing and everything," said Dr. Myers,

with a smile. "He is still at it. But who shall say how many people have cause to be thankful because he lives?"

Silence fell. Kagawa's eyes flashed as he went over the story in his mind.

"And there is Mori here in Tokushima," Mrs. Myers reminded her husband.

Here, close at hand, was another man living this life of pure service which had, for Kagawa, the breath of great adventure! He asked Dr. Myers who Mori might be.

"He is a labourer. He went away some years ago to work in Osaka, and, not liking the place, stole five yen from his employer and came back to Tokushima. He thought no more of the theft until one day he happened to pass a building where I was addressing a meeting. How he chanced to come in and listen, and what words I said, I can't tell you; but he went home very thoughtful, and his heart gave him no peace until he had saved up the five yen and repaid his debt. Meanwhile, out of his miserable wage he began to support his invalid father and brother, for whom he had previously done nothing. He had got the habit of saving, and now he wanted to learn the best ways of spending.

"He thought of the fifty thousand pilgrims who pass through Tokushima every year to visit the shrines; many of them die here, or are too poor to

return home, and so remain here in the greatest misery. Mori took it into his head that an invalid father and brother were not sufficient burden for one man's shoulders, and he went into the slums to help the pilgrims."

Dr. Myers stood up.

"Come, I'll take you to a good place."

They set out together. From that pleasant house they went into the very heart of slumland, and there they found Mori. Kagawa spoke very little that day, but the experience was tremendous, even lifelong.

When he made up his mind to leave College, after his year's convalescence in the fishing village, it was to follow Mori's example and fling himself heart and soul into the service of the desperately poor in the Shinkawa slums of Kobe.

In Shinkawa eleven thousand people were living in eleven blocks, as many as nine persons sleeping in a room six feet square. The great majority were misfits from the country, peasant families who had come into the city hoping to live less arduously than on the land, where the cultivation of the rice-crop gave them such ceaseless labour all the year round; but, finding no employment, they herded together in the slums, lost and hopeless.

Besides these genuinely unfortunate people, there were ne'er-do-wells of every type—habitual drunkards, ex-prisoners turned beggars—and

these were, as Kagawa wrote later, "the most difficult problem of Japan's social life." In short, a multitude of evil men preyed like vultures upon the misfortunes of the rest.

"The criminals I have known are most of them sick folk," Kagawa wrote of them. "Not only are they a prey of either physical or mental disease, but they grew up in a diseased society. Some are caused by the homes in which they were born; some by their life there in the slums. I would like to convert all our prisons into hospitals."

The plight of the children was a tragic one. Kagawa noticed that of sixty-two babies born in his neighbourhood, forty-five died during the first year of their life; and of those who survived, ninety-nine per cent. were nervous wrecks through lack of sleep and overcrowding in verminous huts, where in winter the want of bedclothes kept them awake all night, and in summer the lack of air. What food they could beg or steal was of the poorest quality, and they lived among sights of violence and terror.

During the years he spent in Shinkawa, Kagawa noted the following epidemics as having visited the slum: three of plague, three of cholera, two of dysentery, three of smallpox. Every year typhus was a visitor, and after the winter starvation an epidemic of flu regularly arrived and carried off scores of victims. Life was, in fact, more

savage than in the tropical forest, where all creatures must fight to survive.

Into this fearful place came on Christmas Day, 1909, a young scholarly man, ill of a terrible disease which must already have finished him off but for his strong will to live. The will to live was, indeed, his whole wealth, for he came into Shinkawa without possessions. The most he could do with the help of his friends at the College was to rent one of the miserable six-foot huts, which was supposed to be haunted because of a crime that had been committed there. On this account it had long stood empty, even in that overcrowded district, and Kagawa had no difficulty in renting it.

At first he was suspected. Why was he there? people asked one another. It was the queerest thing that had ever occurred in Shinkawa. Some thought him a police spy, others believed he was a rich eccentric, living there for a caprice. . . .

His first guest was a sick beggar who pleaded for a night's lodging. Kagawa shared his mat-bed with him that night. The next night they were joined by an old criminal, an ex-prisoner whose nights and days were a nightmare of remembrance. He fell asleep clinging tightly to Kagawa's hand, as a child might have done. Kagawa did not judge his crimes; he took him without question into his house, and shared with him everything he had.

In a few days a third unfortunate joined them, and Kagawa saw that he must set to work and earn some money to keep them all until they themselves were able to find an occupation . . . if that day ever came! The only job Kagawa could find was chimney-sweeping, but this brought in one pound a month to add to the small allowance he received from the College. With this income the four men were able to live on rice and water, but Kagawa was always seeking ways and means of earning more money, so that he might help more people.

Sometimes there were as many as ten persons sharing the hut, and though he removed one of the walls to make more space, Kagawa himself was crowded out, and had to spend the night in the street.

He wore the cheapest labourer's suit of blue cotton, costing only six yen. One day a rough beggar came to the hut and asked him dramatically:

"Are you a Christian?"

"I am," said Kagawa quietly.

"They say the Christian religion teaches men to give away all they have. Give me your shirt, or I shall tell everyone you are a fraud."

Kagawa's answer was a prompt one; he took off his shirt and gave it to the beggar.

"Take it, friend, and may it give you some comfort."

The next day this man came back and demanded the rest of the suit. Without hesitation it was given him, and Kagawa now had nothing to wear but an old kimono, the gift of a woman neighbour, until his friends at the College came to the rescue with a new suit.

How the urchins mocked at him in his woman's dress with its bright red lining! But Kagawa did not care, for the kimono, wretched old garment though it was, had been given to him by one just as poor as himself—a low, rough woman of the slums. His faith was confirmed; in this evil place, where all kindness and goodness might be supposed to be stamped out, this little act of grace showed him that the most wretched human heart responds to love.

"Often," he wrote, "I left the slums of Shin-kawa for a season because bullies made life a torture for me. Yet I did not abandon those rogues. I cannot say that a drink-sodden man or a depraved woman is more beautiful than a flower, but I cannot abandon hope regarding either of them."

Kagawa was not without a plan. He must first awaken the people to their own need, serve them, give first aid to the sick, teach the young lads to read and write, beg for them, borrow for them,

try to find them work. . . . And then he must arouse the conscience of all the citizens of Kobe to this scandal in their midst.

If he spoke of religion, it was the religion of self-respect which he sought to teach, by placing before the people the model of a Christlike life. Their physical needs were so great; these must be tended first. Their crimes were crimes of hunger and desperation, for which all society was to blame. It was the time for urgent action rather than for preaching.

“Though for a space of sixteen years in the slums of Kobe I never gave up preaching by the wayside twice a week, yet I should say that I can reckon but few men who changed their way of life as a result of this method. Most of those whom I was able to lead to Christ were led by personal contact and friendship.”

How often he despaired no one will ever know or guess; for it is impossible to go on living and working in the white-heat of endeavour without intervals when all seems flat and hopeless. So he cried out:

“Often I wonder if mankind is not insane; and thoughts like this drag me down into the very abyss of sorrow.”

At such a time a sick child comes to him to be comforted, or a woman, beaten by a drunken husband, creeps to him, and weeps, and goes away

with courage to face life once again. . . . And the goodness in his own heart restores Kagawa to believe and press on more urgently than ever with his work.

There is a commotion in the little alley one day. A stranger has arrived by ricksha, a well-dressed stranger, a journalist. He is the publisher of a serious paper called *Kaizo* (Reconstruction), who has come to the slums to seek material for an article.

"You must talk to Kagawa," people tell him.

"Kagawa? Who is he?"

For a moment they are puzzled. Just how can they describe him? A crippled boy whom he has taught to read and write speaks up: "He is the one who serves."

The journalist finds Kagawa in his hut. The only furniture is a mat-bed and a ramshackle set of shelves made of packing cases, housing a wonderful collection of works in Japanese, English, German, French; books of science and travel, books of religion and of philosophy, but particularly books on social reform. Kagawa is willing to talk—but not about himself; his only subject is the slum and his great need of money for the work there. He has great ideas floating in his mind; in fact, he is scouring the world of books for ideas. Late at night, by lamplight, surrounded by his strange and quarrelsome guests, he reads

profoundly. He has a dream of opening in Shinkawa a settlement such as Browning Hall in London, or those sixty-three small settlements which a devoted worker named McCall opened in Paris: a sort of club-house, and gymnasium, and eating-place, library and evening school, all in one, where everyone could find the best employment of their leisure. But this alone, he adds, will, of course, be useless so long as the men and women live in their appalling huts. Good lodging-houses are needed; all these hovels must be pulled down. Shinkawa needs air, pure water, light.

So he talks on, rejoicing to find at last a listener in sympathy with his ideas.

Meanwhile, in among the books on the rickety shelves, the publisher has come upon a manuscript, written on odd scraps of paper—corners of wrapping paper, newspaper margins, food-tin labels. . . .

“I had no money to buy paper,” explains Kagawa, as though this were a small matter. “I was ill. They had sent me to the sea, to a fishing village. I very nearly died there . . . but I had still work to do, you see, so I really hadn’t time to die! While I was out there, I began writing down my thoughts, on any old paper I could lay hands on. It is a sort of novel, and I have called it ‘Across the Death Line’—for I myself crossed

that line, but the great need of the world drew me back."

The publisher was off; he had in his possession something more valuable than notes for an article on slumland. He had the manuscript of a great novel.

Arrangements were soon made; the book was launched, and Kagawa received what seemed to him a staggering sum—about £250. "Across the Death Line" created a great sensation with its revelation of life at its crudest and cruellest. Kagawa's prose style was admirable, and he was hailed as a great novelist. At the same time, his own personality fired the imagination of the youth of Japan, for here in their very midst was a young man living quite literally according to Christ's teaching: saving nothing, sparing nothing, giving himself every day in a service of love to those whom society had rejected.

There was no doubt that Kagawa's later books would "sell like hot cakes," and publishers waited eagerly upon him with offers of contracts. If this success delighted him, it was for a double reason: firstly, he had discovered how to earn money for his work in Shinkawa; and, secondly, by this very means he could spread throughout Japan knowledge of the evils existing in the slums, and so bring nearer the day when popular opinion would stamp them out.

To study modern methods of social service, and particularly settlement work, Kagawa in 1914 left the slums and sailed for America. He studied for three years at Princeton University, returning with the degree of doctor of theology.

His friends expected him now to take up a post as minister of a church or as a college lecturer, or to devote himself to writing, and live comfortably, as a popular author might. But how little they knew the real Kagawa! On his very first night in Japan he insisted on returning to Shinkawa to sleep in his hut with the old strange fellow-lodgers. By this simple act he announced definitely that his heart was bound up with Shinkawa, and that his old work was to continue, strengthened by his new knowledge.

Bad news awaited him in Shinkawa. While he was away, thirty of his boys had become pick-pockets and been sent to gaol; three of the young girls, too, had fallen back into their bad ways, and Kagawa uttered a cry of great sorrow:

“Who stole these thirty-three precious souls? Bring them back! Bring them back! The present evil order has stolen those whom I so dearly loved, and is killing them alive. It is like putting an oar into a stormy sea. Every gain is followed by a backward swing.”

But there was now one beside him to bring him fresh courage and help him loyally with each new

endeavour. He had found a friend and loyal wife in a girl named Haru, whose family had fallen on hard times. She had worked to support them, first as a servant, later in a bookbinding shop, where the conditions of work were extremely bad. She heard Kagawa speak at street corners; she read his books and newspaper articles; she tried to carry out the ideals he suggested by improving the working conditions of the girls at the book-binding works. Finally these two young people decided to work together as man and wife, and Haru set up her simple housekeeping in the six-foot hut, doing her share in first-aid and in teaching the little street urchins whom Kagawa tried to collect into a school. Her work among the women of the quarter was unceasing. She was not well-educated, but she joined the classes Kagawa held for his boys, and in time she was able to help him in his writing, and even herself to edit a paper called *Awakened Women*, produced by those women of Shinkawa who had entered upon a useful life through her efforts.

Her sister, a beautiful young girl, came into Shinkawa to live and work with them, but the life was too arduous, too terrible, and she died. Yet Kagawa says that her death, far from ending her work, "only made her the more dearly loved by the people she had helped with such devoted service."

To be without her was a very bitter loss for Kagawa and Haru. She is the heroine of the novel, "A Grain of Wheat," which Kagawa wrote soon after her death.

When Haru's first child was born in 1923 it was decided to leave the slum and live in a healthier district for the child's sake. Only too well did Kagawa know the fate of babies born and brought up in the slums. He and Haru could "rough it," but the children must have sun and pure air, good food and sleep. They therefore moved to a small, plain three-roomed house not very far from Shin-kawa, but the work in the slums continued.

Meanwhile, through sharing his mat with a beggar suffering from a dangerous eye disease, Kagawa was attacked by the same disease, and rapidly became blind. For months he lay with bandaged eyes, while doctors struggled to save his sight, so precious to him for his writing; and though they succeeded to some extent, he has remained partially blind. Most of his writing must be dictated, and all his reading is done by poring over the pages of books with a magnifying-glass.

His illness grieved Kagawa sorely, because he wanted to be in the thick of the fight which was now taking place in the slums. Despite violent opposition, the settlement was flourishing, changes for the better were taking place everywhere; but what Kagawa dreamed of was the pulling down

of the entire rabbit-warren of tenements, huts, and alleys, and the building of modern tenement blocks for the workers, with gardens, space, and light.

He had the satisfaction of seeing the municipal authorities at last take vigorous steps in slum clearance. Settlements were founded also in the slums of Tokyo and Kyoto, and useful industries came into being through Kagawa's efforts—such as building, printing, and the making of cheap blue cotton suits, such as he himself wears.

Today the Shinkawa slum has ceased to exist. In its place stand decent dwellings, clean lodging-houses for the labourers, playrooms for the babies whose mothers must go to work. The sun finds its way into the windows and hope into the hearts. The settlement which Kagawa founded there is the centre and source of all the healthy life which has crept into the dead branches and made these withered human trees blossom again into useful life.

CHAPTER V

FACTORY AFFAIRS

IN the City Hall of Kobe a meeting was taking place. Kagawa was explaining his scheme for slum clearance to important business men of the city. He wanted a whole district pulled down. On the table were spread the plans and blue prints he had prepared, and he had the exact figures clear in his mind.

"You have already had a municipal grant for this work," objected the head of a great shipping firm.

"I know. You have been generous, but it is not enough. All my work halts for lack of money. I need a large sum desperately."

"Dr. Kagawa, you are always wanting money!" comes the exclamation. "It is like pouring water into a sieve. You seem to have endless need, and it appears to me that there will not be any permanent result. I fear these people impose upon you and rob you. Your work amongst the ex-convicts, for instance: we all know such men are *born bad*. They are in and out of prison, and money spent on their reform is wasted."

Kagawa looked from one face to another, and

found that all were of the same mind. He stood silent. Had they pierced his armour? Was his plan as good as rejected already? Or was he merely gathering up in his mind the threads of a new argument?

“Let me tell you a story,” he said unexpectedly. “You may never have heard the name of Shimpei Homma, who started life as a carpenter in an inland city. When his trade was slack he would pull a ricksha to eke out a living. One day a great judge from Tokyo rode in his ricksha, and fell asleep during the journey, and dropped a book in the mud of the street. Homma picked it up and offered it to the judge, who declined it, seeing that it was so dirty, and made him a present of it. The ricksha-puller took it home, and found to his disappointment that it was an English book. However, he set to work and learned English. It took him three years to learn sufficient English to master the book, which turned out to be a work on Criminology by the Italian authority, Lombroso. It was a very depressing book; it declared that there was really no hope for the reform of criminals, and this statement made Homma so indignant that he resolved to disprove it. This again was a very difficult and ambitious task, even more ambitious than the study of English. He went to Tokyo and obtained work at the new palace which was being built for the emperor. In

time he rose to a post of importance, supervising the work of two thousand stone-breakers, and by diligent saving he got together enough money to buy a marble quarry in Western Japan. To that place he invited ex-convicts to live and work with him; for in prison they had become accustomed to hard work, yet it was almost impossible for them to get jobs when they had completed a sentence. Despite many setbacks, Homma devoted the rest of his life to employing these men; he shared everything with them, and through his efforts not just a few but hundreds became useful and self-respecting members of the community."

Kagawa was silent. He looked from one to another of his listeners, and saw that they were moved from their indifference to a very real interest.

"You shall have the money, by hook or by crook," their faces told him. They asked him to explain his scheme again, which he did with a heart of thankfulness. The plan was passed, and in due course the money would be forthcoming. But before he left the meeting he had the most serious argument of all to face.

"As long as our employment conditions are bad, we shall have slums. You must get to the source of things, Dr. Kagawa, and remedy the evil rather than offer help to the victims."

This was no new idea to Kagawa, for he had

realized long since that drastic changes must take place in factory conditions before the slums ceased to exist. The evils which came to industrial England a hundred years ago, at the change-over from handicraft to the machine age, were ruling now in Japan, but in even worse form.

The great reformers Tolstoy and Gandhi feared the machine. Kagawa does not, but he thinks industry should be very differently organized. Instead of profit, its base should be service. Industry now consists, as Kagawa points out, of money-making concerns in which the workers (who used to be craftsmen loving their trade) are crushed physically and mentally in order to pile up fortunes for a few enterprising men. He writes the following memorable words on this subject:

“There are those who pour out curses on the machine. That is a mistake. The machine is not a thing to be cursed. If it is utilized as a medium for the expression of service for others, the machine is a magnificent creation. To me the facts are simple. Even the machine was invented by God through the use of human brains as a blessing for mankind.”

Kagawa's struggles to improve factory life took place before the International Labour Bureau was formed at Geneva and before the Factory Acts of Japan were passed (largely owing to Kagawa's in-

fluence in the House of Peers). At that time there were 24,000,000 labourers in Japan. There were no regulations about wages, hours, or living accommodation. We can picture conditions of that time from the conditions in the Japanese factories in China at the present day. In 1935 a German traveller to Shanghai (G. A. Gedat) visited a Japanese silk mill with up-to-date machinery, but without light or air; the atmosphere of the hot rooms was indescribably foul, and on enquiry the visitor learned that the workers slept *beside the machines* when not on duty, and were not allowed holidays, as this tended to "make them discontented."

When Kagawa entered upon the field of industrial Japan, any union of workers was illegal. The slums were crammed with unemployed or discharged labourers, and there was a fever of unrest and hatred. Communist agitators were everywhere secretly proclaiming: "Workers of the world, unite; you have nothing to lose but your chains."

Now Kagawa came from his Shinkawa slum, as the prophets of old appeared from their desert places, and flung himself into the movement to get better working conditions.

He was at that time the "man of the hour," for everybody was reading his first novel, "Across the Death Line," and all his doings were front-page

news. The labourers could not have found a stronger champion. There was already existing secretly a group called the Labourers' Benefit Society. Kagawa made this his beginning. He organized all the labourers of Shinkawa into a branch of the Society, and acted as their spokesman. But when the Government ignored his appeals and took no action, the unrest grew, and in 1921 the 30,000 dock labourers of Kobe struck. They were the poverty-stricken men of Shinkawa, and at their head was Kagawa.

"Follow Kagawa!" was the great cry, echoed by those thousands of desperate men; but unlike the Communist leaders, Kagawa insisted on *no violence*.

The police took alarm, and made a regulation prohibiting any meeting of workmen. Kagawa ignored this unjust decree and founded a real labour union, the first of Japan, issuing at the same time a manifesto to the nation in which he declared:

"Labourers are personalities, not goods to be bought and sold. They must be given the right to organize."

Police and soldiers were now called out, and Shinkawa was in a state of war. Kagawa kept up the spirits of the strikers, spoke daily at meetings, and wrote continuously. Detectives followed him everywhere, and finally he was arrested, his

clothes were torn, and he was beaten with a sabre by the police in their zeal, then dragged without hat or shoes to the police station. With a hundred and twenty comrades he was thrown into prison, and this was the crowning sensation for the public. During the thirteen days he spent in prison his second novel, "A Shooter at the Sun," appeared. Its success was tremendous.

Meanwhile, in his solitary cell, Kagawa was writing *in his memory* (for he had no writing materials) a third novel dealing with prison life, and his days were cheered by such small things as a flowering plant on the wall and the one-minute bath which they allowed him daily. He even rejoiced in the size of the cell—six feet by nine; it was an improvement on "home" in Shinkawa, which was merely six by six! But never would he forget the horrors of prison life, as he observed it, for those who had not his radiant faith: the "men, monkey-like, grasping the window-ledge with both hands, and raising themselves to get a peep of the light."

When the news of his release came, great crowds surrounded the prison, and to celebrate his victory—for a victory it was—he took a hundred of the Shinkawa children to the seaside for a day. Some were sick. Some cried for their mothers. Some got lost. But for one and all it was a memorable occasion.

The back of the opposition to reform was already broken, and gradually Kagawa was able to see the transformation of factory life. He demanded:

- (1) A minimum wage,
- (2) Fixed hours,
- (3) Opportunity for culture and home-life,
- (4) Decent housing, and
- (5) The right to organize,

and all these demands came to be recognized in principle, though execution might lag sadly behind the ideal.

On September 1st, 1923, a great earthquake shook Northern Japan. The shipping in Yokohama harbour was destroyed, Tokyo lay in ruins. Such scenes of devastation and horror had not been seen within living memory, even in that country of Nature's most savage moods.

Shock followed shock at rapid intervals. Everywhere the earth heaved, great gaps appeared, swallowing up the traffic, pedestrians, and policemen on point duty, into a fearful grave. Buildings crashed; to the noise of their fall was added the screaming of the injured people. It was at noon that the disaster occurred. In every house the midday meal was cooking over the charcoal brazier. These fires were overturned, and soon the city was in flames. Hundreds perished.

Among the ruins old people and little children wandered, trying to avoid the flames. Some found shelter in the grounds of the Imperial Palace, but even there they had to crouch with their heads against the ground, so fiercely hot was the air.

Troops were brought out to prevent worse panic, and the officer in charge collected refugees from all over the city into a great yard between blocks of buildings which seemed safe from the fire. It is estimated that some thousands of people, including many children, were brought to that place; when, climax of horror, the wind blew the flames in that direction, the whole block took fire, and the herded people were burnt to death.

In this moment of fearful calamity the Government turned to Kagawa, once hounded, ill-treated, and imprisoned. He was asked to supervise the relief work from the Tokyo City Hall, and without a second's hesitation he accepted this great task, flinging himself into it with heart and soul. The injured must be cared for, the ruins must be cleared away, food and shelter and employment must be found for the many thousands of homeless, whole districts must be rebuilt.

Many slums had gone, which was a matter for rejoicing; and from the ruins grew up areas built "nearer to the heart's desire." Disease and famine had to be averted, orphaned children adopted,

helpless old people cared for. In his social work Kagawa had tried to co-operate with the Christian churches, but he found them so divided on questions of ritual that they could not work together, even in face of such a disaster as the earthquake. Kagawa, the prophet, was impatient of the smaller matters which claimed their attention. He cried out to them :

“No longer are Christians persecuted in Japan. The country no longer disapproves—it is indifferent, through your example. God is not interested in creed and ritual, but in mercy.”

Out of the relief work grew wider ambitions. By 1930 eleven new settlements had been established in Tokyo, and Kagawa opened his great “Credit Co-operative Society” scheme, which was financed by the bank, not for profit, but just to cover working expenses. The aim of this scheme was to give back self-respect to the penniless unemployed of the slums by making them self-supporting.

“With a capital of only five yen even a cripple can make toys and sell them to children by the roadside, and so become in time self-supporting. He has to return to the Credit Society *only the original five yen which he borrowed.*”

It is impossible to calculate the effect which the adoption of this scheme must have had on the life of the very poor.

In the settlements crafts and trades were taught, and Kagawa admitted his debt in this direction to the craft schools in Denmark. In his eyes work and service, not class hatred and destruction, are the path to freedom for the masses, and he reminds his social students how Livingstone taught the slaves in the heart of Africa to sell the products of their native crafts to the Dutch, to earn their freedom.

Sick insurance had been made compulsory in the factories, but wives and children and the countless unemployed could claim no benefit. Kagawa therefore started his own sick insurance in Kobe and Tokyo, medical services being available to all for a tiny monthly insurance fee of 30 sen.

In 1935 Kagawa began Students' Co-operatives in Tokyo. Five were founded altogether, with Government permission, to teach students the principles of social reconstruction and lessen the cost of living for them. From his own bitter experience, Kagawa knew under what conditions most of them studied; very many suffered from tuberculosis through overwork and undernourishment. (Eighty-five thousand people die annually in Japan of this disease, according to Kagawa's own statement, and countless more are suffering from it.)

If the Co-operatives have to face any loss,

Kagawa personally makes it good out of the profits from his novels. Because of Communist activities in the colleges, all student societies were at length suppressed by the Government, with the exception of Kagawa's Student Co-operatives, and these continue to flourish, though Kagawa's refusal to use violence has made many of the more impulsive and eager desert him, both among labourers and students.

In 1928 Kagawa founded the National Anti-War League of Japan, to agitate against war and the heavy expenditure for military preparations while there was such crying need for social expenditure throughout Japan. The Manchurian policy has divided Japan into two great parties—the military and imperialist party, now in power, and the social reconstruction, peace-loving party, of which Kagawa is the champion.

His ideals have cost him popularity. On one side the ardent nationalists accuse him of international and peaceful aims, and, on the other hand, the workers, impatient at the slowness of reforms, are revolted by his refusal to use violent methods.

Nor is Kagawa exactly popular with the "town" churches, for he demands of Christians a life of complete devotion, such as he himself leads; and, like the rich young man, many turn

sorrowful away, while others resent his criticism and fear his social reforms.

Meanwhile, Kagawa's attention had turned from the plight of the cities to the urgent distress on the land.

CHAPTER VI

LAND PROBLEMS

CHINESE craftsmen make a small lacquered box which when opened is found to contain a still smaller case; and so you may continue opening one after another until you come, almost despairing, to the little treasure in the smallest box of all.

Kagawa found that the problems of modern Japan fitted inside one another in much this manner. The first great problem which he tackled was slum clearance, but he found that the slums could not be abolished until the factory system had been very thoroughly reformed; and in the midst of his factory affairs he became painfully aware that the balance of national life could not be restored so long as the "flight from the land" continued.

From his own experience as a child Kagawa knew how unattractive the country can be. When he wrote of the farmer's life he had vividly in mind the familiar thatched house, with smoky rafters, farm implements lying about, and the rapidly diminishing bundles of rice in one corner. He had a world of sympathy for the young people all over Japan who, discontented with their hard

life, poured into the cities, not in hundreds but in thousands every year, hoping for interesting work, good pay, and adventure, and only too often ending their dreams in the slums.

By forsaking the land they were creating an alarming food shortage, all the more serious because of the growing population and the restrictions on Japanese trade in many parts of the world.

In the Western world such problems are often answered with a cry of "Back to the land!" by people who themselves would be lost out on a farm. But Kagawa is not one of these "arm-chair enthusiasts" for country life. He had been brought up in a remote province, he had worked in the fields and woods, and knew both the joys and hardships of a farmer's life. Yet he felt that there was no hope for the nation if rural life went "on the rocks."

The problem he set himself was to make country life interesting and profitable, to protect the farmers as far as possible from the fluctuations of the market and Nature's sudden blows (bad harvests, poverty of the soil, shortage or excess of rainfall), particularly by encouraging a greater variety of crops.

Country life would be healthy if the peasants were not so poor. In spite of the good air and sun (which he had always coveted for his slum

children), Kagawa found that the desperate poverty of the peasant villages made the infant death-rate higher than elsewhere. The farmers lacked—

- (1) Capital,
- (2) Machinery and modern implements,
- (3) Technical knowledge,
- (4) Division of labour,

and all these things must be supplied. The greatest hindrance of all was the slow response of the farmers themselves to any new ideas. A peasant movement had started in 1911, but after ten long years there was little change in conditions.

“Village tradition,” said Kagawa, “is like the growth of trees. It takes time to plant a seed and wait until the tree grows and bears fruit. It takes much longer than to start a factory in a city!”

In 1921 a deputation of farmers, who were facing failure and starvation in all parts of the country, came to Kagawa in Shinkawa, and he promised to help them. The promise was no sooner made than he put it into action by founding the first Japanese Peasant Union. Branches were established everywhere, and Kagawa brought out a newspaper, *The Soil and Freedom*, in which he clearly stated the aims of his movement as follows:

“We propose to nourish knowledge, improve our technique, cultivate our moral character, and bring the element of enjoyment into farm life. We stand for freedom of thought and will love the truth.”

This proclamation made a great stir in Japan. For so many centuries the peasantry had been a sleeping giant; now the giant was at least turning in his slumber, if not becoming broad awake, and the Government and the landowners were greatly concerned.

Kagawa toured the whole Japanese empire on his “peasant crusade,” and was denounced by the landowners as a “dangerous agitator.” The great majority of farmers did not own their land, and their most strenuous labour was often hardly sufficient to pay rent for the land, leaving them practically without means of existing and supporting a family. Kagawa denounced this unjust system. His dream was that the land should be owned collectively by the villages and by division of labour the cultivation of the ground, and of cattle, and the marketing of the produce, might be done profitably, without grinding labour for any section of the village. The landowners were solidly against any such reform, and they had the support of the Government in their resistance to the new ideas. The police could—and did—harass Kagawa, but they were no longer able to im-

prison or silence him, for he was now a famous author and an important public man.

The practical proposals he made were:

(1) Technical instruction in farming, to be available throughout the land to all young countrymen.

(2) Village clubs which should be a centre of social life even in the remotest district.

(3) Day nurseries for young children in the villages, to permit their mothers to take a share in the farm work without neglecting them.

(4) An extension of the "Co-operative Credit" scheme, to permit the villages to buy up-to-date machinery.

He was very anxious to encourage a mixed cultivation in place of rice only. He urged the villages to occupy themselves collectively with rice, millet, pigs, fruit-bearing and timber trees, cows, goats, and bees. He called this a plan of "perpendicular" farming, to make the utmost of every acre of land, just as skyscrapers are built in cities where ground space is restricted. On the "ground floor" would be pigs (in the woods), wheat or millet, and plantations of young trees; on the second floor fruit and nuts; and on the third floor would live the bees.

He introduced figs and walnuts, both profitable trees to grow. From Hawaii he brought the king tree, useful as pig food, and proclaimed that in the woods already thousands of tons of acorns and

nuts were being wasted, which could feed pigs. "We in Japan must learn to eat bacon and ham," he said, seeing in this plan a means of providing nourishing food which the people lacked, as well as finding a profitable alternative to rice cultivation.

But chiefly he wished to teach the peasants to love the land, not to hate it as they might hate and fear a slave-driving master.

These tremendous labours bore fruit at last. Kagawa was appointed adviser on social and peasant matters to the Government at Tokyo, and from this moment he was able to begin fulfilling his plans on a large scale.

His health all this time was far from good. In addition to his blindness, which compelled him to spend many hours in bandaged darkness, and to dictate all his writings—including a mountainous correspondence—he had frequent attacks of his old illness which made travel almost impossible. In 1930 he was nine times prostrated with hæmorrhage from the throat, and at such times he stood again face to face with death.

But nothing could repress his tremendous energy. He accepted all trials with extreme fortitude, and neither ill-health nor the malice of men could turn him from his purpose. Over physical weakness triumphed the spirit which could boldly declare :

“It is said that the lioness throws her whelp, born but three days, over the cliff. Those who are born of God must be as strong as God. Pain, destitution, persecution, should not all of them be likened to the various jewels which adorn the crown of life? Let avalanches come, let hurricanes roar, let typhoons unite their forces and rage, let earthquakes rock and rend; I fear none of them.”

CHAPTER VII

THE POWER OF THE PEN

THE waves reared their wild heads, plunged and foamed and broke sizzling on a beach strewn with wreckage. Spars and tubs were continually being washed up, hung with bunches of yellow seaweed, like drowned hair. A little group of Japanese in straw rain-coats and hats like huge soup-plates stood huddled together, fighting for breath in the wind, as they watched the struggles of a small fishing-boat.

It was scarcely dawn. A hurricane of wind and rain had descended upon the fishing fleet, and the vessels one and all had raced for the harbour. But the *Kizuki*, limping home with a heavy catch, had lost the race. There she stood, so close to shore, yet doomed. The wind stripped off her sails with rough hands, cracked the mast, drove the sea in mountains over her bows. A cry went up from shore as she sank.

They began to fling ropes into the sea towards the drowning crew, but it seemed impossible that any should be saved.

"Here, idle one, lend a hand!" shouted a fisherman to a thin, solitary figure standing apart.

"Leave him in peace," said another, "for he is

a sick man. He rolled up his *tatami* and came out to watch the storm, but most likely this will be the death of him."

However, the lonely figure thus stirred into action came eagerly forward and offered to help with the launching of a small boat. Sheer madness it seemed to put out from shore into such a sea, but who could stand and see so many lives lost without raising a finger to help?

"Nay, we can do without you," said the second fisherman, pushing the invalid aside with rough kindness. "Get you back to bed. This wind and rain will be your death."

"Well, I'm expecting death," came the queer reply. "Why should I not meet him here, usefully?"

And the thin young man with wizened face, and thick spectacles obscured by rain, began furiously to push and shove with the rest. The boat rattled over the stones into the surf, and for a space no one noticed the young man again; all were intent on the rescue work. The rowers attempted to push out towards the few remaining figures which appeared and vanished with every onset of the tide. Time after time the rescuers were beaten back, while the sea swallowed up, one after another, all of the sailors save half a dozen exhausted men, who were at length brought safely to land.

It was now daylight, as stormy and sullen and grey a scene as could be encountered anywhere along the rugged Japanese coast. Flattened against the cliff, a miserable fishing village of thatched huts came gradually into view, like an invisible picture dabbed with a wet cloth. The sea was strewn with broken wood. There were women standing in silent grief, and others kneeling beside the survivors, crying for joy.

Finally someone remembered the thin young man. He was crouched against a rock, coughing. Those who were not mourning their lost ones carried him to the tiny hut where he lived. They forced some hot broth between his lips, made vain attempts to stop the rain coming in through the roof, and waited in a dismal circle for the boy to show signs of life. His face, so wasted by disease, was very young; it was a fine and intelligent face. The hands were those of a scholar; but the arms, from which the wide Japanese sleeves fell away, were nothing but skin and bone.

All stood silent. The wind still came up in noisy gusts that threatened to whisk the hut away, rough walls, thin roof and all. The poor fire which the women had set alight in a brazier sent trails of smoke across the bed. But Kagawa did not even cough. He seemed spent and on the point of death.

“So young!” said one of the fishermen in pity.

"Not yet twenty," whispered another.

"There is no cure for this illness," said a third voice. "It is the curse of our cities. The young students have it by thousands. Some say it's the crowding, and the poor food, and sitting up all night to read books. The old ways are not good enough for our children. They want something better, and they lose their lives in the search for it."

Kagawa opened his eyes. He seemed still to behold last night's shipwreck; the men struggling for their lives in the water, the women crying, some with grief, some with joy; and all at once life seemed infinitely precious. He was not yet twenty. Must he die here, obscurely, painfully, uselessly? If this were so, the whole universe was without meaning.

The rough fishermen, waiting for him to die, saw a remarkable transformation take place. Life seemed to flow back into his body; his eyes kindled again. They saw this young fellow fighting a mighty battle here under their very eyes—a battle with death.

Outside it was full day. Pale sunlight struggled through layer upon layer of rain-cloud; the rocks glistened back under the hiss of the outgoing tide, the seabirds cried mournfully; in the little bays beds of silvery sand came into view, strewn with pink and orange-coloured shells, broken corals

and jellyfish; crabs scuttled sideways across the shining expanses; little fish swam in the rock-pools; boats put out and nosed among the wreckage of the *Kizuki*. And in a poor hut under the cliff a young man came back to life, determined to put every hour to the best use.

As time went on he found strength to write down, on any scraps of paper that came into his possession—newspapers, packing paper, wrappers and labels—the vision of that night of shipwreck.

He called this great novel “Across the Death Line,” and it was brought out, as we have seen, by an enterprising publisher during Kagawa’s years in Shinkawa. It made a sensation. The second novel, “A Shooter at the Sun,” appeared just at the moment when Kagawa was thrown into prison for leading the dock labourers of Kobe in their great strike. Everyone read the book; it could not be printed fast enough to satisfy the long queues waiting outside the bookshops. It was as popular as Kagawa’s previous novel, and his position as one of Japan’s leading writers was firmly established. It was shortly followed by the novel of prison life, “Whispering in the Prison Walls.”

The fourth great novel, “A Grain of Wheat,” which appeared in 1931, had as its heroine Madame Kagawa’s sister, a devoted girl who lived and died in the service of the slums. The book

describes the reconstruction of a village by one man, a drunkard, who was formerly its worst character, and it contains all Kagawa's ideas for the improvement of village life, but so vividly told through the lives of such lovable characters that no reader could find it boring. It was issued as a serial in fourteen parts in the newspapers before it appeared as a book. Though many years had passed since the appearance of Kagawa's first novel, people were not tired of reading him, and great queues waited outside the bookshops on the day of publication. For a long time it sold at the rate of five to six hundred copies a day. It was also filmed, and in this form also was very successful in making people stop and think.

The latest novel upon which Kagawa has been working is "Shufu no Tomo," the true story of a young Japanese who went to America as a circus performer.

Japan is perhaps the most book-loving of all nations. Because of the excellent system of primary schools, even the poorest dweller in a remote corner of the country can read. The ricksha-men, squatting in the road waiting for fares, may be seen reading when they are not playing chess! In the villages it has long been the custom to meet after the long day's work, read the newspapers aloud, and discuss the news. Recently, under the present Government, this

custom has been stopped, because criticism of the Government's military policy is not allowed, and even in the distant villages police spies keep watch lest the news should be discussed and the Government criticized.

Foreign and political news in the papers is strictly censored, and the leading newspapers even go to the extent of keeping a dummy editor, whose duty it is to go to prison instead of the real editor, for the offence of publishing censored news.

There are innumerable magazines published and of the many registered daily papers, three hundred are of fair importance, including eighty published in Tokyo alone!

In this craving of all Japan for reading matter, Kagawa, with his genius for writing, found a golden opportunity.

He has written ceaselessly all the years since "Across the Death Line" made his name famous to the millions of Japanese readers. During that time, and working always under great physical difficulty, he has published forty books—novels, children's stories, poems, essays on social questions, translations of great European works, religious books; to these must be added an infinite number of newspaper articles, written fearlessly on every topic which he has the experience to discuss with authority. For an article called "The Worship of Labour" in 1921 he was fined a hun-

red yen, but neither fines nor imprisonment would make him hold back the truth which cried out in him to be expressed.

One of the things he most feared in industry was monopoly, and he had no desire that any publisher should make a fortune out of his writings at the expense of the rest of the trade. For this reason he is always changing publishers. After the earthquake of 1923, when many printing works were destroyed and their owners ruined, he distributed his new work among them, so that many firms were set on their feet again.

The profits from his writings have been devoted entirely to the settlement work in the slums and financing the Credit Co-operatives. Never did a successful author live more frugally or spend more lavishly. Frequently he brought out books at a ridiculously low price, so that they might be available to all—for instance, a penny edition of the New Testament, whose production he supervised and financed.

The influence of his writings cannot easily be estimated. His researches into social matters have brought forth great and learned books, such as "Love the Law of Life," a book of philosophy, which may be counted among the important books of the world. His more popular writings have touched and changed the lives and outlook of countless readers. A lonely storekeeper, miles

from any city, read an article of Kagawa's in a newspaper in which some parcel had been wrapped; he wrote to Kagawa, was put in touch with friends, and found himself transferred into a new world of hope and endeavour and companionship. To a prisoner spinning out the terrible six months which intervene in Japan between the death sentence and its execution, Kagawa's writings brought a complete change of heart. To the sick, to the indifferent, to the unfortunate everywhere, his radiant message of life, service, happiness, was a lifeline flung out when the ocean of despair was about to close over their heads.

On social and industrial problems he is the soundest authority, having given all his theories the test of actual experience; and he is recognized as such by the Government and all important public bodies. On suffering, on the problems of living, he writes as only a man can write who has himself suffered every extreme of human need.

There are three pictures to bear in mind. First, the young Kagawa in his rough and draughty hut on the sea-coast, painfully writing down on old labels and scraps of paper the vision which called him back from death to life. The second picture is a busy Tokyo street, where in a downpour of rain a great crowd of people are waiting—not for the opening of cinemas and theatres, but for a new book by Kagawa, called “From Star to Star.”

The shop front is opened, and every face lights up. "From Star to Star" offers them, not just the temporary forgetfulness which is to be sought at the cinema, but a new design for living. Finally, in our third picture we see Kagawa as he is today, lying on a mat-bed during one of his bouts of illness, a bandage over his blind eye, a magnifying glass held to the other, hour after hour reading the proofs of a new book—a book which proclaims the victory of the aimed mind over every misfortune life can bring:

"The flight of the dragonfly, the transformation of the caterpillar, the trees clothing themselves in verdure, the bough on which a grey starling sits as it whispers to my soul, the ant in the sand . . . everything is a miracle. A power greater than I rules the world. I nod approval and marvel at the ever-changing form of changeless Nature."

CHAPTER VIII

IDEALS AND PROBLEMS

WE shall perhaps understand Kagawa best if we examine the attitude he takes towards ideas and conditions which we find prevalent in the world today.

In his way of living he is Communist in the sense that he does not believe in the private ownership of property, in the division of society into classes, or in the exploitation of some for the profit of others. He shares everything he has, and believes that if all were to cultivate and follow the best impulses of their hearts, problems of class, race, poverty, and unemployment would automatically be wiped out. But he is not a Communist in the Marxist sense; in other words, though he has certain Communist ideals, he refuses to use violence as a method of bringing them to pass.

The extermination of the upper classes of society by the lower, as in Russia, seems to Kagawa no true solution of our problems. "Evolution, not revolution," is his watchword. He has repeatedly detached himself from groups and movements which insist on violent methods, for he believes that war, hatred, revolution, carry men even further from their aim, and that progress must be brought about by education, tolerance, and gradual change.

“In the East we have two enemies. One is Communism. It causes materialism and mechanism, and at the same time forgets morality and the power of the spirit. It hides behind such names as Marxism and Leninism, and, especially since the Russian Revolution, teaches men to ignore the most fundamental realities, God and the soul. In its present form it is like a huge monster in the pathway of man’s progress.” “I believe that in certain constructive aspects of Marxism and Leninism there are partial and fragmentary revelations of love, but they err fundamentally in their belief that a revolution is possible without love. Love is the eternal and revolutionary principle, and without it social progress in any true sense is unthinkable.”

Slavery, inequality of opportunity, the neglect of the unfortunate and the oppression of the weak—these things arouse his anger. To him the worst crimes of the world are intolerance and lovelessness, and no virtues can atone for these. “I may give my body to be burnt, but if I have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.”

Kagawa does not perform good works to earn the blessings of Paradise in another existence, like many pious people. He serves for sheer love of humanity. Like Rafi in the play “Hassan,” he cries: “I have not your great reasons, I die for love alone.”

Let us look for a moment at the universe through Kagawa's eyes. He believes in evolution, that gradual growth from the humble collection of cells in primitive sea-creatures to the complicated structure and marvellous variety of materials in a man, a flower, or a machine. He describes God as "evolutionary power." . . . Surprising new ideas lie in wait for us if we reflect quietly upon the tremendous implications of a statement such as this:

"The belief that there is a direct line of evolution from amœba to man is a more daring and romantic faith than the belief in the myth of a Creator making something out of nothing. . . . The Promised Land of evolution is growth from electron to divinity."

Thus in Kagawa's mind science and religion are not at war.

"I do not flee from science. Into the laboratory, into the dissecting room, into the typhoon, into the flames I would rush. I believe in the new religion of life."

In fact, he cannot see how scientists can deny the existence of this wonderful evolutionary power (which is of God) with all the evidence of the universe before them; nor how men of religion, on the other hand, can shut their eyes to the amazing history revealed by the rocks and the earth, by the microscope and the telescope. He

disagrees flatly with those who shut out science (as Tolstoy's followers did) because they demand "the simple life." Kagawa had seen something of the "simple life" at the sea-shore and in the country farms—a life of ceaseless toil, soul-deadening rather than uplifting, because it makes man a slave to his own bodily needs.

He would wish to see machines performing all the drudgery, and leaving men free to enjoy life. No labour is undignified, he would tell us, but there is, on the other hand, no virtue in labour *as such*, considered apart from the "mind-benefit" it brings to the worker and to others; and in loveless labour there is no value at all. As for labour which causes the degradation of man rather than his uplift, this is degrading also to the worker, however well paid he or she may be. We can consider for ourselves what trades or classes of occupation come under this heading.

Once the work is well distributed between man and his machines, education must point the way to the proper use of the splendid leisure which all could enjoy; thus education continues the work of evolution in the world. "There is nothing so dangerous as growthless freedom," Kagawa points out.

On the subject of education he also makes this wise remark: "Education should be production instead of consumption." That is, there should be

no cramming of facts and theories, but simply the teaching of the art of living, "the device for carving beauty upon life," the opportunity for creation which machine-workers so sadly lack. In such a system of education as Kagawa dreams of, the teacher's part would be rather different from what it is in most of our schools now.

"Teaching is my act of creation. I never do it with distaste." We can imagine what a vivid experience it must be to be taught by such a man, to feel his glowing enthusiasm passed on like an electric current. Education in Japan is on military lines, under strict censorship by the Government, as must be the case in any such state, where many facts must be distorted and many omitted in order that people shall think in a given pattern. Kagawa protests bitterly that the Japanese "khaki-coloured knowledge" makes little appeal to boys, and restrains instead of encouraging original thought and the joy of creating something new.

If Kagawa has little in common with those religious people who try to shut out science, he has even less sympathy with those who consider life a vale of tears, a place of penance—those "No-sayers to life" among whom Nietzsche so mistakenly classed Jesus Christ. Such people shun beauty and have a distorted feeling that pleasure is evil; that in a lovely world "only man is vile." This idea by no means fits in with Kagawa's belief

in evolution through God's power, and he will hear nothing of it.

Nor can he endure the idea of man and Nature being eternally at war; they are one in his eyes, and should be in perfect harmony, or a happy life is impossible; but this goes without saying if love is the foundation of the universe.

Let us adjust our telescope once more and peep at the world itself as Kagawa sees it.

He sees society as a grouping of individuals who supplement each other and co-operate in order to become more nearly perfect. "Each person possesses the fragments of personality, and society possesses the totality of personality." We may agree that this is an ideal state of things, but on actually looking about us we find want, suffering, inequality, some men overworked, others starving. Why? The reason is, Kagawa tells us, that men forget the good in themselves and give themselves over to the errors of selfishness and profit-making. To change the present order one must begin with *faith in every man*—faith that his nature really contains something godlike.

Many refuse this view. India has its water-tight castes which separate men into classes and trades for endless generations; and society builds barriers almost as high, on a basis of wealth or ancestry, in other countries also. Those who have acquired possessions and privileges leave them to

their children; those who have not, lack for ever the opportunity to acquire these things, are even "kept in their place" by legislation, and so perish or go from degradation to degradation of physique and mind in succeeding generations.

To change these bad conditions Kagawa has no plans of violence. "Love is enough, oh ye who seek saving." This love is universal, knows no race, creed, social status, shuts none out. Looking at a primitive form of society—for instance, that of the ants or bees or of some animals such as the beaver—Kagawa finds that these creatures in case of need practise "mutual aid," performing in groups work that one individual could not accomplish alone, and uniting for protection or attack. This he considers the lowest form of co-operation, since it is a "selfish unselfishness." In the higher animals he finds an advance from "mutual aid" to the love of family; animal mothers undergo great hardships for their little ones, and this we find also in human beings. But there is one form of activity which only men and women, out of all created things, ever perform, and this is social activity outside the family, outside the community; it is the love of humanity as a whole, the love which causes a person, for instance, to risk his life to save an unknown man from drowning, or which leads hundreds of needy people in one country to send what help they can in money or

services when an earthquake occurs at the other end of the world.

Those who have a materialistic view of life know nothing of this highest form of love. Kagawa declares that they are shutting their eyes to half the truth by denying an instinct which is found in the heart of every man—and of no creature besides man: the instinct of service through love of humanity. We feel it to be a high instinct, godlike, and not a sign of weakness.

Obviously, then, Kagawa does not believe in the survival of the fittest, an "animal" notion which man should outgrow. Fitness can be *evolved* under a régime of universal love. In very recent years doctors have begun discarding their enthusiasm for heredity; they are beginning to find that few things (whether diseases, virtues, or criminal tendencies) are definitely inherited; most are acquired in early years by the child living in the same bad environment as the parents. Thus physical and moral perfection could be achieved gradually by perfect living conditions, without wholesale destruction of the weak and unfit.

In the world under Kagawa's ideal conditions of "universal love" there would certainly be no war, no slavery, no unemployment; and there would be no lowering of the standard of living, because machines could do all the world's "dirty work" and leave men free for splendid living. The only

reason why this is not so now is because machines are used for private profit instead of for world service, and all our money and distributive systems are based on this old idea of profit.

Charity is emphatically not a solution. In one of his books Kagawa points out how the Mitsui Company—one of the largest trading companies of Japan, or, indeed, of the world—gave away to charity millions of yen, which had been earned scandalously, at the bitter cost of thousands of poor people.

What, then, is Kagawa's solution for our troubles? There is a Chinese proverb, "Happiness springs up of itself in a united family," and Kagawa's suggestion is that we should literally share everything with all mankind; but he adds: "The sharing of material things is only one side of Christian living."

We may think out for ourselves the implications of this idea, asking ourselves just how literally each one of us should follow Christ's teaching, and what results a hundred years of such living, on a large scale of population, would bring.

Kagawa's attitude to war need hardly be stated. He sees no benefit from it whatever. "All the ghastly balance is tragic loss" (Basil Mathews). We can imagine his retort to Sir Arthur Keith's famous statement that war is good because it is "Nature's pruning hook." How swiftly Kagawa,

with his country knowledge, would point out that only a madman would prune off the strongest fruit-bearing branches, which is what war does to the population of a nation.

As regards crime, he thinks of it as an illness of the mind brought on by foul living conditions, poor food, and persecution—a sort of social cramp; and this he still believes after living for years in one of the worst slums of Japan. Punishment and prisons do not come within his scheme of things. “What man can punish his brother?” he asks simply, and we have difficulty to find an answer.

Like a prophet crying in the wilderness, he proclaims the guilt of the whole nation that such evils should exist, and condemns the whole sordid, profit-making system with the words: “Goods do not constitute wealth. True wealth arises where men absorb things and live.”

Kagawa believes that all the slum children under ten years of age could be saved, let heredity do what it may, but after that age their lives are already so warped that little can be done; he admits that he has often despaired of salvation for the older slum-dwellers.

And what does he mean by “salvation”? He means re-creation as living, hoping men and women; he means self-respect and creative opportunity, the enjoyment of Nature, and of all the wealth which past generations have piled up for

us in books, works of art, and systems of thought. There is little in Kagawa's writing on the subject of creed or ritual. He was disappointed with the churches at the start of his career, for he found them narrow and self-centred and unwilling to live the life of Christ. "The second great enemy of Japan is nominal Christianity," he says, "a form of religion not based upon but rather oblivious of the New Testament." Kagawa could not breathe in such an atmosphere. "God is not interested in ritual, but in mercy," he said, and went out into the slums. "In groups of working men, at the bedside in the quarantine hospital, where the nurses are bravely at work, in the dimpled cheeks of babies, I worship God."

On the subject of money he says bluntly: "If one does have money, let him do various things as long as the funds hold out. When there are no funds, then work barehanded."

Kagawa went into the Shinkawa slums thinking himself a dying man, and despite his poverty and what we may call his "tremendous ill-health," he never postponed, never refused help, never hesitated, never counted the cost. He gave *himself* continuously, and beside this great gift any expenditure of money seems a paltry consideration.

In this eternal self-giving lies his recipe for happiness.

CHAPTER IX

THE JAPAN THAT IS TO BE

THE immediate future of Japan, and her relations with the rest of the world, may present a gloomy picture to us, but it is not so in Kagawa's eyes. To those who see in the Far East nothing but a menace of war, ruined trade, and a lowering of the world's standard of living, Kagawa has a hopeful reply. To those, on the other hand, who see in our materialistic Western civilization an ultimate thing, which will take in its march all the surface of the globe and mechanize all thought, Kagawa answers that our "machine-mad" civilization is but a temporary phase, whereas evolution—change upwards and for the better—is going on eternally; that by the efforts of men with clear vision the world will in time be renewed, the wealth of the earth redistributed, the good cherished and the evil uprooted; and that the glorious art of living will some day be taught instead of the art of economic war.

A group of English business men are discussing Japanese affairs.

"Japan is capturing all our trade," says one.

“She can produce so cheaply; the people can live on practically nothing.”

“That’s true. What European workers would be contented under such conditions? Japan gets more trade, grows richer . . . but the workers *as persons* have no benefit from it. And the Government spends the money on military preparations. They are more like ants than human beings!”

There is a flaw in this, the usual argument. The present Government of Japan may censor the Press, refuse criticism, keep the people in silence and servitude to national and military ambitions. But such a policy, wherever it occurs in the world, is a temporary and backward movement, the very negation of progress. By the very laws of evolution which Kagawa has insisted upon (the growth of mind from “mutual aid,” with group or national feeling, to the love of humanity which is definitely international in its scope), a national military system is bound to fail in the end. Finally, the free will of the people, the individual’s right to happiness and to choice of opinion, must be respected. This change will come also in Japan. But what sort of Japan shall we find then?

That the workers of Japan are “consenting and contented” is a statement without truth. Kagawa cries: “There is no spirit here. In Japan today the soul of a great people is on trek.”

In 1931, when affairs in Manchuria had made

relations almost impossible between Japan and China, Kagawa attended a conference in Shanghai, and when it came to him to speak, he began with these striking words:

“Many of you may think Japan a terrible country, but I ask you to consider that the fault of Japan is the fault of the leaders of the military party. I am not a militarist, nor are the majority of our people.”

The truth is, race is too general a standard on which to judge people. Until we learn to judge people as individuals only, there is no hope for us or our future world.

Looking into the future of Japan, we see a great struggle between Communism and Christianity, between the doctrines of Force and Service. Of the tremendous struggle going on in the mind of the people we can learn through Kagawa's work and writings. We may see, if we have open eyes, the same struggle going on in Europe. Kagawa says sternly:

“The only one of the so-called Christian nations that has a right to talk to Japan is Denmark. England is afflicted with too much territory, America with too much wealth, Germany with too much detached scholarship, and France with a too effeminate culture.”

We may modify this statement, but we cannot deny all its implications.

To Kagawa the future of Japan, or of England, or of any other country, is not a national matter. Everywhere "the old order changeth," everywhere Kagawa's doctrine of happiness and social welfare through service fights a pitched battle with the Communist doctrine: "Sweep away the past. Evolution is too slow. Destroy and recreate by force a new world where material values will have their full importance."

Outside Osaka Station is a shop where millet-cake is sold, and in the front is an attractive display of cakes—but they are wooden dummies, merely sprinkled with millet seed to charm the passer-by. A hungry young man from the country, wandering unemployed through the city, snatched at a cake one day and ran off with it, to the dismay of the shopkeeper. Kagawa believes that in seeking happiness through material things we are like the young man running away with the wooden millet-cake. The real happiness is within, it dwells in the mind, and it is the wages for service done.

The great hope which Kagawa holds out in his writings, and in his life of untiring service, is that human beings working together in the service of mankind can by the very power of their love create a new world, create new men and women, create beauty, and bring a fair and symmetrical pattern out of the present chaos.

We stand with Kagawa on the threshold of the new Japan. Above the doorway is written his creed:

“I walk along one straight path. I possess but one little soul. This single soul I offer up to the only God. . . . He who seeks God should discover the unchanging laws which operate outside of himself, and recognize within himself a profound and mysterious purpose.”

NOTE

FOR many details of Dr. Kagawa's life and work which were not to be obtained from his own writings or reports of his speeches I am indebted to the following authors: E. M. Hinder and Helen F. Topping for their biographical notes to "Love the Law of Life"; William Axling for his study "Kagawa"; W. H. Murray Walton, "The Press and the Gospel"; Basil Mathews, "World Tides in the Far East"; "Japan Speaks for Herself," by several noted Japanese writers; and finally to the Shanghai number, April, 1931, of Kagawa's little paper, *Friends of Jesus*.

M. B.

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